Εγκυκλοχρία

OR

Vniverſal Motion,

Being part of that Magnificent Entertainment by the Noble Prince,

De la GRANGE,

LORD LIEVTENANT

of *LINCOLNS INN*,

Preſented to the High and Mighty

CHARLES II.

Monarck of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*.

On Friday 3 *of* January 1662.

LONDON Printed 1662.

Εγκυκλοχορία

OR

Vniverſal Motion,

The ſeveral Modes of Dancing, according to the Primitive Invention of different Nations, performed in 12 Entries, In the habit of each Countrey,

By Engliſh men.

I.

A *Clowniſh Carrier* with a Packet of Books to be diſtributed by the Maſter of the Ceremonies, wherein is deſcribed the whole deſigne: who daunceth a Darbiſhire Round.

II.

Gives you a *Bourree*, in the habit of a Thraſonical Gaſconian; To let you know, all Frenchmen are not Butterflies.

III.

Preſents the variety of *Expreſſion*, made by Motions and Actions of the Body only; For which we are indebted to the *Quaker*, the laſt Inventor of Eccleſiaſtical poſtures, who turnd Informer, is like to be troubleſome to our Aſſembly.

IV. Shew

IV.

Shews the trueſt and moſt genuine ſteps of *Ballet*.

V.

Two other Clownes with their Laſſes, (a double pair of Northern Tikes) who dance a Iigge, the firſt-born of a Scottiſh Bagpipe.

VI.

Preſents you with a *Phantaſtick Saraband*, manag'd by a Spaniard, To ſhew a Phantaſtick Don can be as ridiculous as the moſt Antick Mounſieur.

VII.

Throws you in a Drunkard, with ſteps proper only to that humor: ſuitable to the Windmil of his *Pericranium*, which motions we owe to the lightneſs of a *Dutchmans* Breeches.

VIII.

Gives you a Country Dance, perform'd by *Sheapheards* and *Sheapherdeſſes*, in the habits of *Arcadian* Paſtorals; who ſet forth the Innocency of their minds, by the ſimplicity of their manners.

IX.

Preſents a *Corant* ſingle and figured, and a *Saraband ſerious*, both aſcrib'd to the Ingenuity, and *Bon mene* of a well temperd Frenchman.

X.

An entry of *Italian Pantaloons*; to ſhew there are

are Madmen and Fools in every Countrey, even at *Rome*, *Paris*, and particularly in *London*.

XI.

Presents you (the delight of its age) the *Canaryes*, first invented by the lofty *Italian*, who generally has more wit than honesty.

XII.

An entry of *Swisses*, who had rather fight than dance, but loves the *Argent* better then both.

A Descant upon the several Movements.

GReat Sir, y'ave seen Vs, like the active Sun
To please the World, through the whole Zodiack run;
Y'have seen the Noble Spaniard Countermand
All France, *ith Marches of a Saraband:*
And yet with such wise care *his Limbs dispose*
As if h'ad got the Frenchman *in his Hose.*

Y'ave seen the Mounsieur *move, his Arm, Foot, Knee,*
And shrugge, *as if no Nation danct but he:*
His Alamod Corant, his Saraband *Pace,*
His Bourees; *all performd, with the* Bon-Grace.

Y'ave seen th' Italian dance the Pantaloon?
No Region wants a Madman or Buffoon!
Th' Arcadian Sheapheards in soft measures move
As if their dancing was their School of Love.

The

The Bonny Scotchman *and his merry* Laſſes,
At Jigge and Bagpipe all the reſt ſurpaſſes;
What miſchief did (that Scotch-witch) Covenant *do,*
Who charmd the Organs and the Bagpipes too?

Moſt Excellent! active Nations! all put down
The Brittiſh Bard, *ſufferd to Act the Clown.*
To move the Carriers pace: or Coupee *over*
With Packets from proud Calais *to poor* Dover.

And yet nor Seigniour, *nor the ſtately* Don
Are much above the middle *Region:*
Tis well in Rome *or* Spain, *if you can ſee*
A handſome Ball *once in a* Iubilee. !

O but the Mounſieur, Englands Dancing Maſter
He walks on Parian *Marble,* Paris-Plaiſter!
Like th' Element of fire, his ſpirit ſoon
Lifts him up, to the Concave *of the Moon.*
Dances as ſoft and nimble as the Aire;
Who vies with him practiſes *to deſpair!*
Dull Engliſhman is forct to go to France
To change his Gold *wear clothes, and learn to* dance.

Since *t'muſt be ſo, weel ſtrike ſail and ſubmit,*
Wiſhing the French more Pride, *our ſelves more* Wit.
Grant their Minerva, *curious, neat, exact,*
What ere they can Imagine *we dare* Act.

Inſpi-

Inſpir'd with Plumbroth *we dance every man,*
Save (*who eats none*) *our* Presbyterian ;
Hee's pardon'd if he move *no more, but ſtill*
Quietly, *with his good* Good Old Cauſe, *ſit ſtill,*

Thanks to the Quaker *our* Laſt-mover, *he*
Liſted himſelf into our Company,
Who went good man ! *to teach the Pope at* Rome,
A Babylon-*ſlip; the Time yet was not come* !

But turn'd our Purſevant, *a Lurch, a Pryer ;*
We wiſht the Ieſuited *knave a Cloyſter'd Fryer*
Good Saint to ſhew what weight his Talents *beare*
Begot a Negro, *no Chriſtian you may ſweare* !
How ere his various poſtures heplt to prove,
The Brittiſh Orbe, *like other* Spheares *can move.*

England *I am ſure in former times could dance,*
Wittneſs her many Capers *into France.*

FINIS.